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CUM UTILI DULCE.

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" LETTERS to a young Lady on a course of English Poetry, by J. AIKIN."

[*Extracts continued from page* 88.]

LETTER VI.

I now, my dear Mary, mean to treat you with a rarity—a writer *perfect* in his kind. It may be a doubt whether perfection in an inferior branch of art indicates higher talents than something short of perfection in a superior; but it cannot be questioned that, by way of a study, and for the cultivation of a correct taste, a perfect work in any department is a most valuable object.

Dean SWIFT is in our language the master in *familiar poetry*. Without the perusal of his works no adequate conception can be formed of wit and humour moving under the shackles of measure and rhyme with as much ease as if totally unfettered; and even borrowing grace and vigour from the constraint. In your progress hitherto, although it has been through some of our most eminent poets, you cannot but have observed, that the necessity of finding a termination to a line of the same sound with that of the preceding, has frequently occasioned the employment of an improper word, such as without this necessity would never have suggested itself in that connexion. Indeed, it is not uncommon in ordinary versifiers to find a whole line thrown in for no other purpose than to introduce a rhyming word. How far rhyme is a requisite decoration of English verse, you will judge from your own perceptions, after perusing the best specimens of blank verse. It is manifest, however, that when employed, its value must be in proportion to its exactness, and to its coincidence with the sense. In these respects, Swift is without exception the most perfect rhymer in the language; and you will admire how the very word which by its meaning seems most fit for the occasion, slides in without effort as the echo in sound to the terminating word of the preceding line. Even double and triple rhymes are ready at his call, and, though suggesting the most heterogeneous ideas, are happily coupled by some of those whimsical combinations in which comic wit consists.

The diction of Swift is the most complete example of coloquial ease that verse affords. In aiming at this manner, other writers are apt to run into quaintness and oddity; but in Swift not a word or phrase occurs which does not belong to the natural style of free conversation. It is true, this freedom is often indecorus, and would at the present day be scarcely hazarded by any one who kept good company, still less by a clergyman. Yet he has known how to make distinctions; and while many of his satirical and humourous pieces are grossly tainted with indelicacies, some of his best and longest compositions are void of any thing

that can justly offend. It is evident, indeed, that Swift, though destitute of genius for the sublimer parts of poetry, was sufficiently capable of elegance, had he not preferred indulging his vein for sarcastic wit. No one could compliment more delicately when he chose it, as no one was a better judge of proprieties, of behaviour, and the graces of the female character.

From the preceding representation, you will conclude that I cannot set you to read Swift's works straight forwards. In fact, your way through them must be picked very nicely, and a large portion of them must be left unvisited. It should be observed, however, to do him justice, that their impurities are not of the moral kind, but are chiefly such as it is the scavenger's office to remove.

The first of his poems which I shall point out to your notice is the longest and one of the most serious of his compositions. Its title, "Cadenus and Vanessa," denotes his own concern in the subject; for *Cadenus* is Decanus (the Dean) transposed; and *Vanessa* is the poetical name of miss Vanhomrigh, a young lady whose unfortunate love for him met with a cool return. This piece, under an ingenious mythological fiction, contains a fine compliment to the lady, and much severe satire on the greater part of her sex, as well as on the foppish part of ours. You must, indeed, in reading Swift, arm yourself with patience to endure the most contemptuous treatment of your sex; for which, if really justified by the low state of mental cultivation among the females of that period, you may console yourself by the advantageous comparison afforded by that of the present age. The poem does not finish the real story; for it says,

——what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.

The melancholy truth was, that after uniting himself secretly with another woman, he continued to visit Vanessa, and she retained her hopes of softening his obduracy, till a final explanation broke her heart. This poem was in her possession, and by her direction was published after her death.

The "Poems to Stella" will naturally follow. This was the lady to whom the former was sacrificed; but she seems to have had little enjoyment in the preference. His pride, or his singularity, made him refuse his consent to the publication of their marriage, and they continued to live apart as mere friends. Yet he appears to have sincerely loved her, probably beyond any other human being; and almost the only sentiments of tenderness in his writings are to be found in the poems addressed to her. This affection, however, does not in general characterize them, and the writer's disposition to raillery breaks out in the midst of his most complimentary strains. A Frenchman would be shocked at his frequent allusions to her advancing years. His exposure of her defects, too, may seem much too free for a lover, or even a husband; and it is easy to conceive that Stella's temper was fully tried in the connexion. Yet a woman might be proud of the serious approbation of such a man, which he expresses in language evidently coming from the heart. They are, indeed,

Without one word of Cupid's darts,

Of killing eyes and bleeding
hearts ;

but they contain topics of praise which far outlive the short season of youth and beauty. How much superior to frivolous gallantry is the applause testified in lines like these !

Say, Stella, feel you no content
Reflecting on a life well spent ?
Your skilful hand employ'd to
save
Despairing wretches from the
grave,
And then supporting with your
store
Those whom you dragg'd from
death before ?
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend ;
That courage which can make you
just
To merit humbled in the dust ;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress ;
That patience under tort'ring pain
Where stubborn stoics would com-
plain ?

In the lines " To Stella visiting him in sickness," there is a picture of *honour*, as influencing the female mind, which is morally sublime, and deserves attentive study :

Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word ;
The world shall in its atoms end
Ere Stella can deceive a friend ;
&c.

There is something truly touching in the description of Stella's ministering in the sick chamber, where

——with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about the bed.

In all these pieces there is an originality which proves how much the authors, genius was removed from any thing trite and vulgar : indeed, his life, character and writings, were all singularly his own, and distinguished from those of other men.

May I now, without offence, direct you by way of contrast to the " Journal of a Modern Lady ?" It is, indeed, an outrageous satire on your sex, but one perfectly harmless with respect to yourself or any whom you love. I point it out as an admirable example of the author's familiar and colloquial manner. It also exhibits a specimen of his powers in that branch of poetical invention which is regarded as one of the higher efforts of the art. A more animated group of *personifications* is not easily to be met with than the following lines exhibit :

When, frighted at the clamorous
crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty, with blushing face.
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air,
Rude Laughter, seeming like to
burst,
And Malice always judging worst
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of
brass,
And study'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of
frame,
While, Ignorance with brain of
lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each female
head.

(To be Continued.)

ON EARLY MARRIAGES,

In a letter from Dr. Franklin to John Alleyne, Esq.

Craven Street, Aug. 9, 1768.

DEAR JACK,

You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections, that have been made by numberless persons, to your own. You may remember when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think, that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying, as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence, which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents, and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage, youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connexions, that might have injured the constitution, or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. "Late children," says the Spanish proverb, "are early orphans." A melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves, such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe. In fine, I am glad you are married and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many here, who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation, that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set: what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissars! it cannot well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should ere this have presented them in person. I shall make but

small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happpy. At least, you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both! being ever your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

In few descriptive pieces has the *terrific* been so admirably excited as in the following.

SIR BERTRAND.

A Fragment.—By Aikin.

Sir Bertrand turned his steed towards the woulds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course.—Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky.—Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendor from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body & mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sullen toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march he was stopt by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, & the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building.—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the house traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death. He looked in at the lower windows,

but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke. The noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—He repeated the strokes more boldly and louder —another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place and quickly glided away, as before—at the same instant a deep sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—He was awhile motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadines of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand —he applied his shoulder to it and forced it open—he quitted it and stept forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it——but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld across a hall, upon a large stair case, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery.—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of the staircase, and then vanished. At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second staircase. A dead cold hand met his left hand and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his—He dropt it, and rushed forward with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron gate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault.—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The

vault at length suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, compleatly armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on both sides were gigantic statues of black marble attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly, a lady in a shrowd and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil & kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible clash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering, found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure chrystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and falling on her knees thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast; delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: —— —— — —— —— — —— —— —— —— ——.

From the Rutland (Ver.) Herald.

A gentleman handed us the following letter, at our disposal. We thought it might afford a subject of inquiry to the philosopher and the curious, and therefore present it in print.

No. 144, Water-Street,
New-York, Jan. 10th, 1806.

My Dear Sir,

Agreeable to your request, I have stated a phenomenon which was manifested to me at Hebron, in the colony of Connecticut, A. D. 1770.

The case was as here follows: A rock, nearly 20 feet square on its superfices, and about ten feet thick, lay in the high road opposite to my house, and, as report said, had been growing higher for 150 years, whereby it had become a nuisance to carriages and travellers.

To remove the inconvenience, I ordered my negroes to dig a ditch around the rock, 3 feet wide, and to go down with the ditch to its bottom. This being done, I engaged a miner to perforate the rock with an auger, near the middle of the surface. The auger was two inches wide, and with it he made a hole five feet deep. He then charged the rock with half a pound of gun powder, and fired it off with a match, while the spectators stood at a proper distance, to shun the danger and to see the effect.

The explosion was very great; the rock was rent into eight or ten large pieces, besides many fractional ones; we soon hoisted up the fragments; at last we came to the two centre and largest pieces, between which the auger had passed.

Having taken up the smallest, the largest piece stood edgewise. I then went down and viewed the path of the auger, which had passed by a cavity as large as a goose egg, in which lay a FROG, who completely filled the cavity. His thigh was bleeding by reason of a wound. The orifice was too small to pull him out; the miner soon enlarged the orifice, and I took out the frog, bound up the wound, and placed him on some mud near a puddle of water, which I enclosed with a board fence. The frog was alive and struggling for deliverance, when I first discovered him in his bed, which was as smooth as the inside of a glass tumbler.

He appeared in perfect health and high spirits, although he had no visible means of living in his hole, four feet and a half down from the top of the rock to his bed (all around him was firm and hard as flint stone) excepting by what water, air and heat that reached him through a small crevice not so large as a knitting needle, and that crevice was filled with fine dust from the top of the rock down to the bed in which he lay, in so close a manner that with difficulty I dug it out with a steel pointer. I kept the frog imprisoned many weeks for the inspection of the curious.

1. How the frog got into the centre of the rock is a question not yet answered.

2. How the frog could live in that dark recess, so far from heat, air and water is a question not yet answered.

I submit this phenomenon to you and the social society of Pittsford, in the state of Vermont, in confidence that your philosophic wisdom and many researches into physical causes, are competent to explain this phenomenon, and answer the two questions above.

With profound respect,
I am,
Gentlemen,
Your ob't servant,
Samuel Peters.

Samuel Harrison, Esq. President of the Social Society of Pittsford, Vermont.

On Impudence and Modesty.

I have always been of opinion that the complaints against provi-

Missing issues not available.

The American gleaner and Virginia magazine. V. 1, No. 9 (incomplete) pgs. 137-144.

ving our persons copied out for posterity, is, in the present application of it, a most absurd and useless vanity; as, in general, nothing affords a more ridiculous scene, than those grotesque figures which usually line the mansions of a man who is fond of displaying his canvas-ancestry:

Good Heav'n! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
To wish their vile resemblance may remain;
And stand recorded at their own request,
To future times a libel or a jest.
Dryden.

You must by no means, however imagine that I absolutely condemn this lower application of one of the noblest arts. It has certainly a very just use, when employed in perpetuating the resemblances of that part of our species, who have distinguished themselves in their respective generations. To be desirous of an acquaintance with the persons of those who have recommended themselves by their writings or their actions to our esteem and applause, is a very natural and reasonable curiosity. For myself, at least, I have often found much satisfaction in contemplating a well-chosen collection of the portrait kind, and comparing the mind of a favourite character, as it was either expressed or concealed in its external lineaments. There is something likewise extremely animating in these lively representations of celebrated merit: and it was an observation of one of the Scipios, that he could never view the figures of his ancestors without finding his bosom glow with the most ardent passion of imitating their deeds. However, as the days of exemplary virtue are now no more, and we are not, many of us, disposed to transmit the most inflaming models to future times; it would be but prudence, methinks, if we are resolved to make posterity acquainted with the persons of the present age, that it should be by viewing them in the actions of the past. Adieu.

I am, &c.

Character of Sir William Jones.

In the short space of forty-seven years, Sir William Jones by the exertion of rare intellectual talents, acquired a knowledge of arts, sciences and languages, which has seldom been equalled & perhaps never surpassed. If he did not attain the critical proficiency of a Porson or Parr, in Grecian literature, yet his knowledge of it was most extensive and profound, and entitled him to a high rank in the first class of scholars, while, as a philologist, he could boast an universality in which he had no rival. His skill in the idioms of India, Persia, and Arabia, has, perhaps never been equalled by any European; and his compositions on Oriental subjects display a taste which we seldom find in the writings of those who had preceded him in these tracks of literature. The language of Constantinople was also familiar to him; and of the Chinese characters and tongue he had learned enough to enable him to translate an ode of Confucius. In the modern dialects of Europe, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and German, he was thoroughly conversant, and had perused the most admired writers in those languages. I might extend the list, by specify-

ing other dialects which he understood, but which he had less perfectly studied.

But mere philology was never considered by Sir William Jones as the end of his studies, nor as any thing more than the medium through which knowledge was to be acquired; he knew that "words were the daughters of earth, and things the sons of Heaven," and would have disdained the character of a mere linguist. In the little sketch of a treatise on education, he describes the use of language, and the necessity of acquiring the languages of those people who in any period of the world have been distinguished by their superior knowledge, in order to add to our own researches the accumulated wisdom of all ages and nations. Accordingly, with the keys of learning in his possession, he was qualified to unlock the literary hoards of ancient and modern times, and to display the treasures deposited in them, for the use, entertainment or instruction of mankind. In the course of his labors, we find him elucidating the laws of Athens, India and Africa, comparing the philosophy of the porch, the lyceum, and academy, with the doctrines of the Sufis and Bramins; and, by a rare combination of taste and erudition, exhibiting the mythological fictions of the Hindus in strains not unworthy the sublimest Grecian bards. In the eleven discourses which he addressed to the Asiatic Society, on the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Asia, and on the origin and families of nations, he has discussed the subjects which he professed to explain, with a perspicuity which delights and instructs, and in a style which never ceases to please, where his arguments may not always convince. In these disquisitions he has more particularly displayed his profound Oriental learning, in illustrating topics of great importance in the history of mankind; and it is much to be lamented, that he did not live to revise and improve them in England, with the advantages of accumulated knowledge and undisturbed leisure.

A mere catalogue of the writings of Sir William Jones would shew the extent and variety of his erudition; a perusal of them will prove, that it was no less deep than miscellaneous. Whatever topic he discusses, his ideas flow with ease and perspicuity; his style is always clear and polished; animated and forcible when his subject requires it. His philological, botanical, philosophical, and chronological disquisitions, his historical researches, and even his Persian grammar, whilst they fix the curiosity and atttention of the reader, by the novelty, depth, or importance of the knowledge displayed in them, always delight by elegance of diction. His compositions are never dry, tedious nor disgusting; and literature and science come from his hands adorned with all their grace and beauty.

No writer perhaps ever displayed so much learning, with so little affectation of it. Instead of overwhelming his readers with perpetual quotations from ancient and modern authors, whose ideas or information he adopts, he transmutes their sense into his own language; and whilst his compositions on this account have a pleasing uniformity, his less learned readers are enabled to reap the fruits of his laborious studies.

PERVERSENESS.

Sullen and Gentle contrasted.

Though the banquet of life be ever so rich, though the cup of pleasure be offered to your lips, and fortune lavish her choicest favours upon you, if your temper is not formed for happiness, you can never be happy.

There are some who from a neglected education, or a natural perverseness of disposition, not only forfeit their own peace, but destroy that of all who have the misfortune to be connected with them. There are some to the disgrace of human nature be it known! who would rather be miserable, in order to indulge an obstinate ill-humor, than enjoy satisfaction themselves lest it should give pleasure to others. There are some who delight in tempests and hurricanes, in the conflict of malignant passions, and in the display of unamiable opposition; yet who, by a milder manner aud more obliging behaviour, might repose, if they pleased, in the sunshine of content, and feel life glide away in reciprocal endearment.

Why is Sullen disliked and despised by all his acquaintances; but because he thinks it would sink his consequence to study to be loved? He would rather brood over his task with a dogged indifference than try to learn it, or solicit the least assistance when he is at a loss. Though from a temper like his, the smallest degree of condescension would appear engaging, and elicit favour, he will neither bend to seek kindness nor even to shew civility. He is meanly proud of being distinguished from others, not by virtue or talents, but by pursuing a line of conduct in which he will have few competitors—in which he can neither be jostled by the generous, nor envied by the good.

Thus his whole life is likely to be a scene of unamiable reserve and unpitied distress; merely because his perverse temper was not timely broken by parental care, and because he chooses to run counter to the tide of human action. Yet he plumes himself on his spirit, which will infallibly involve him in ruin; his manners bid a stern defiance to the world, and he despises the advice of those who are really interested in his welfare, as if it sprang from selfish motives. He is vain enough to think sense and merit exclusively his own, and considers himself as a martyr for every petty suffering; and a martyr indeed he is, but to his own perverse temper alone.

Why is Gentle the friend and the favourite of every person who knows him? Why is his company courted, his wishes studied and his wants relieved? Why does every eye brighten at his smile, and every heart melt at his distress. It is because he endears himself to his associates by attention and duty, & places a generous reliance on his friends. It is because he diffuses happiness as far as lies in his power, and never willingly gives pain to any one. It is because he early learned to yield, and to give up his own prejudices to the stronger reason of others. It is because nature made him amiable, and cultivation fixed the lovely bias of his mind.

His days will pass in easy, even tenor. He will rest in the bosom of peace. He will find friends to soothe his afflictions, and to parti-

cipate in his joys. Happy will be those over whom he presides; happy the objects of his affection; and dear the ties that bind him to society.

COMFORT FOR AMERICANS.

Delamacherie the celebrated Editor of the *Journal de Physique*, in Paris, has just published a volume "on the perfectibility and degeneracy of organized beings." Speaking of the degradation of the Greeks and Romans, and of that barbarism which crept slowly from the eastern parts of Asia to the western parts of Russia, he asks, will it stop here? Some of superior minds are in consternation. Already they see proud Europe, degraded; menaced with the misfortunes which China, India, Persia, Chaldea, Phœnicia, Egypt and Greece experienced, and the genius of the arts and sciences obliged to cross the Atlantic to seek refuge in the country of Washington, Jefferson and Mitchell. "It is at least certain," continues he, that "North America, now occupied "by a powerful end active people "of European descent, under the "Empire of Liberty, will rise to "a grandeur to which it would ne-"ver have raised under its original "inhabitants. There they enjoy "the pleasures of equality; the "mind is strengthened by industry "aud useful occupations. The "first necessity they feel is to be "free."

The new PLANET discovered by Mr. *Harding*, of Lillenthal, near Bremen, he has given the name of Juno. It is of the *eighth* magnitude; it appeared to have a peculiar motion, and after observing it for several days, he clearly ascertained that it was a *planet*. Its mean distance from the sun is *three times* that of the earth, or about one hundred millions of leagues; it is consequently farther than CERES or PALLAS, whose distance is 96,000,000. Its diameter has not yet been ascertained; but its size appears nearly the same as that of *Ceres*. This is the *twelfth planet* discovered within these few years, *Herschell* having discovered *Uranus* and its *six* satellites, *two* new satellites to SATURN; *Piazzi* discovered CERES, and *Olbers* discovered PALLAS.

We too often judge of men by the splendor, and not by the merit of their actions. Alexander demanded of a pirate whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas? By the same right, replied he boldly, that you enslave the world. I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; but you are styled a conqueror, because you command great fleets and armies.

Dr. Brewster of Cambridge was put out of Commons for non-attending Chapel, on which occasion he wrote the following epigram.

To fast and pray, we are by Heaven taught;
O could I practise either as I ought!
In both alas! I err; my frailty such,
I pray too little, and I fast too much.*

---

* *This Epigram procured his restoration.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

*To Miss J. L. 16 years old.**

Dear J—— lovely child of May,
Fairest of all her progeny—
Young, tender, innocent and gay,
The season breathes delight in thee.

The vernal bloom on ev'ry tree
The flow'rs that deck the gay parterre,
Their native incense offer thee,
A sweeter flow'r than blushes there.

The warbling tenants of the grove
In concert swell their downy throats—
Telling their artless tales of love,
To thee still raise their sweetest notes.

The sun, to gratulate the hour,
Thy lustrous eyes first saw the light;
In splendid majesty and pow'r,
Unclouded rose serene and bright.

And that blest day ordained the rest
Of *all* opprest and worn with toil,
Hail'd nature's child, its new-born guest,
With nature's universal smile!

Beauty will *admiration* gain,
While strength of mind, respect inspires;
Thy blended charms we can't explain,
But find thee all—the heart requires.

Long be, of May, the offspring dear,
Ne'er lose thy harmless gaiety;
Good humour blossoms all the year,
And gilds the darkest wintry sky.

* *Miss J. L. was born, Sunday morning, May, 16, at sun-rise.*

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

General Charles Lee, being suspended by a Court Martial, for having disobeyed the orders of the Commander in Chief, General Washington, at the battle of Monmouth, was heard to declare, that, "*he wished he was a dog, that he might not call man his brother.*" On this declaration the late Rev. T. Thornton, of Fredericksburg, wrote as follows:

You hate mankind! how just the ways of heaven,
Mankind hate you; so you and they are even.
Thrust out from Realm to Realm to seek abode,
Hie thee like Cain, into the land of Nod,
Despised by man and stigmatized by God.
Or like the Cynic misanthrope of yore,

Who in his house of Tub, did rant
and roar:
Get thee a kennel, and a bed of
straw,
Reign Doge of dogs,* to keep all
dogs in awe;
There you may growl and snarl,
but do not bite,
For Monmouth† says a mongrel
will not fight.

---

* *His great fondness for dogs brought on him the dislike and frowns of the fair sex: for the general would admit his canine adherents to follow him to the parlour, the bed-room, and sometines they might be seen on a chair next his elbow at table.*

† *Alluding to his retreat at the battle of Monmouth.*

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

Lines written on hearing Miss E. B. play on the Pianno Forte.

Sweet maid you *touch* with such
surprising art
Those tender keys, that they
bespeak the song,
Which you have promised me you
would impart,
And which I often wished to
hear so long.

The fav'rite air of "just like love"
I own,
Has long attracted my fond ach-
ing breast;
And now my heart you have com-
pletely won,
And could I gain your's would
be truly blest!

But, ah! I fear some other happier
swain
Has *touch'd* with *gentle* art your
glowing mind,
Yet if I could but hope your love
to gain,
No other female would I strive
to find.

AYLEY.

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

By H. H. Brackenridge.

A challenge comes. A chal-
lenge? mercy
From one as hot as Hotspur
Piercy—
A challenge! what? to fight a
duel?
I'd live ten years on water gruel,
Rather than stand up to be shot at,
Like a racoon that can't be got at.

You may shoot him—what's
that to me,
That I receive or give phlebotomy?
The profit and loss of both are
equal,
I shall gain nothing in the sequel.
Will not the world approve your
courage?
Will that procure me food or fo-
rage?

Mac Millan* the ecclesiastic,
Will burn me with religious caus-
tic;
Tell all the people that the devil,
Has bound me hand and foot to
evil.
Can I avoid the horrid fury
Of Presbyterian judge and jury?
No. No. 'Tis best t' avoid the
sin,
And sleep as usual in a whole skin.

Besides; the thing is so degra-
ded—

---

* *A Clergyman.*

The lowest classes have invaded
The duel province. What reputation
When the scum and worst of the nation,
Can fight, and say,—"We men of honor"—
It is a burlesque ; I would sooner
Put my head i'th' fire, than on a level,
Be plac'd with every silly devil
That fights a duel now-a-days—
The thing was once a thing of praise,
When noble nights and mounted esquires,
With lances and with warlike whiskers,
Fought for the honor of fair ladies,
If all is true that sung and said is.
But what pretence has this same codhead,
Or I myself with pistol loaded.
He but a pedlar, a mere trot-bogger,
I but a simple pettifogger ;
What right have we t' usurp a province
Sacred to valor and to love once ;
To measure weapons in such battle,
Who are but ordinary cattle ?

Shew me your ancestry and knighthood,
Which those must do who fight would,
With crests of arms, escutcheons,
Mottos, devices, Welsh, or Dutch ones,
Deduce your pedigree from Orson,
Valentine or some such whoreson ;
Shew you are of the breed of War'ick
Who killed a mad cow at a hay rick,
Then I admit without more question,
Your right to chivalry and fustian.

'Tis true there may be found such mortals,
Whom nature in her phrenzy curtails,
Of goodness and of mental merit,
Like a mad devil or foul spirit ;
Who out of time have had a licence,
To put down reason, and lay by sense,
To cut society asunder,
And make the modestest knock under,
The death of such is but a small loss,
Whether by the duel or the gallows.

Shall I make these my model, whose skull
To myself and others may be useful,
Who has spent a term of thirty years,
To put my mental powers in geers,
School, college, academy,
All to replenish the head of me ;
And many a midnight lucúbration
To make me one o' the first o' th' nation !

What the result of the encounter,
When I fall down as flat's a flounder,
Shot dead ? and only to be buried,
Remains when coroner has enquired.
Or, if by accident or aiming,
I have the luck, 'tis all the same thing,
To put a ball in your belly, what the use ?
I cannot make of you a goose.
Or turn you to a woodland turkey,
That houshold men may knife and fork ye ;
Convert you to a salted salmon,

Or make of you a well-cur'd gamon.

Thus for the item of your carcase,
I set down nought. So 'tis a hard case
That I must kill you or be kill'd
Ignobly on a private field,
Against the dictates of my conscience,
Obedient to the world's nonsense,
While those we leave behind on earth,
Make us the subject of their mirth.
In vain we hope for fame; our fate
Is forgotten at a day's date.
No muse funeral hangs our hearse,
With the bare fragment of a verse:
Cast on the beach like dark seagulls,
We die th' unhallow'd death of fools.

Take my advice then let us solder
This feud of ours, before we're older;
Meet in the evening, take a bottle,
And leave disputes to Aristotle.

By Dr. Young.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Phillis's Age.

How old may *Phillis* be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task,
For Phillis really has two ages.

Stiff in her brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and Jewels on;
All day let envy view her face,
And *Phillis* is but twenty one.

Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day belied,
And *Phillis* is some forty-three.

Johnson corrected.

In the dictionary of words, as our Johnson affirms,
Purse and budget are nearly synonymous terms;
But perhaps upon earth there's no contrast so great,
As budget and purse in the dictionary of state:—
The Minister's language all language reverses;
For filing his budget is empting our purses.

Advice to a Berkshire Publican.

Friend Isaac, 'tis strange, you, that live so near *Bray*,
Should not set up the sign of the *vicar*;
Tho' it may be an odd one, you cannot but say
It must be the sign of good liquor.

Answer.

Indeed, master poet, your reason's but poor:
For the vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door,—
'Twere a sign of bad liquor within.

On Mr. K——, remarkable for a large nose.

K—— not a poet; who dare say so?
If he is not an Ovid, he's a Naso.